

THE LIGUORIAN

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1932

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Beginning with the July issue, the subscription rate of "THE LIGUORIAN" is being reduced from \$2.00 to \$1.00 per year. (Canada and Foreign, \$1.25.)

This new rate is intended to place "THE LIGUORIAN" within reach of many who, during these times of distress and depression, would find it difficult to subscribe or renew their subscription at a higher rate.

The present form and make-up of "THE LIGUORIAN" will be retained as long as possible. In order, however, to meet the bare cost of publication, a substantial increase in the number of subscriptions will be required, and the giving of premiums for subscriptions and renewals will have to be discontinued.

For those who are able and willing to help in the task of keeping "THE LIGUORIAN" alive at the reduced rate, we are offering one year's subscription free with every five sent in, or with each five-year subscription that is paid for.

The various features of "THE LIGUORIAN" will all be continued — while new features are now being planned. Old readers are all familiar with

FATHER TIM CASEY

the delightful parish priest, who in the midst of his Irish friends, charms while he instructs, and pleases even when he condemns. The Rev. C. D. McEnniry will continue to write "Father Tim Casey" for "THE LIGUORIAN."

Beginning with this issue, a new feature is being offered entitled:

"FOR AND AGAINST"

a column in which the Rev. B. A. Connelly, professor of Sociology at the Redemptorist Seminary, will comment each month on the sayings and doings of the world relative to the great modern social problem.

Beginning next month, the first of a number of articles will appear on one who is perhaps the greatest figure of the 20th century

POPE PIUS XI

and will be written by the Rev. August T. Zeller, whose biographical sketches always appeal to LIGUORIAN readers.

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To My Angel Guardian

Bright Angel, may my heart with thine,

Each within each in fair device,

By God's immortal love entwine;

Thou glorious Prince of Paradise!

Oh would that I might sink to rest

On Thy deep bosom; Holy friend!

Each weary pain were doubly blest

Could it but lead to such an end.

There might I hear the wondrous strain,

Like some vast tide that moves along

Through Thy strong heart in sweet refrain;

The purest ecstasy of song.

Oh Holy Prince, and Guardian dear,

Through chasmed depths of time and space,

Thy presence hovers ever near,

Though veiled the splendor of thy face.

Betimes I think to feel Thy touch,

So near Thy presence seems to be;

Perchance presuming over much

What sin may ask of Purity.

Be with me for the shining hours

Like distant chord of tuneful lyre

Despel the darkness and its powers,

Majestic in Thy pillared fire.

Be thou at hand for my last prayer

When I must brave the angry deep —

Death's blighting hand shall wield no care

If in Thine arms I fall to sleep.

— Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

HARD TIMES

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The priest told them he had only a minute to stop. And so, of course, they began at once discussing the financial situation.

"Father Tim, isn't this depression terrible?" said Mike Monogue.

"I've seen worse," said Uncle Dan.

"Honestly, Uncle Dan, do you really think you have?" Mary Rose was skeptical. Never before, in her young life, had she seen girls searching vainly six months, a year, two years, for a chance to earn the wages their family so sorely needed.

"I have that," the old-timer maintained. "From all I do be hearing, this is only a daypression; but I've seen—in my time, I've seen work so scarce and wages so low and—and—and whiskey so bad, that it was no fine-soundin' daypression, begor, but plain, straight har-rd times."

"The millions that have nothing to eat get scant comfort from the fact that they are starving on account of depression, not hard times," returned Monogue.

"O Daddy," little Monica asked in alarm, "is it really so bad as that?"

"It is isn't, it soon will be, at the rate things are going now. Don't you think so, Father Tim?"

"Lead me not into temptation, Mike Monogue. Too many prophets have lost their reputation these days by trying to foretell what we should find just around the corner."

"No prophet is needed to foretell this: no income and all outgo will end in bankruptcy."

"But, Daddy, you don't think *millions* are starving, do you? His tender-hearted daughter was getting frightfully hungry at the very thought.

"There are millions, girlee, who are in want of at least some of the necessities of life—and in a country that has most of the gold of the world—that is the maddening part of it all. There is plenty for everybody, but those that need it cannot have it?"

"Sure, that is nothing new," said Uncle Dan. "Never did an-ny man die of hunger but there was food and plenty, only he didn't have it, that needed it."

"But there were not the vast stores of money that exist in the world today," Monogue insisted.

"A body cannot ate money, begor. There was always the air full of bur-rds and the say full of fishes and grain in the fields and fruit on the trees and cows in the pastures. If one thing failed, there was abundance of something else. When there was no crop here, there was double beyant, and fat years provided for lean years. Still manny a time childre went to bed without their supper, none the less—in the past as well as in the present."

"But today there is no reason for it—not reason at all—except that those that have the power and the money are crooks or ignoramuses. The farmer has too much wheat, the planter has too much cotton, the miner has too much coal, the shipper has too many boats, and the railroad has too many cars. They are all going bankrupt; the farmer, because he cannot sell his wheat, the planter, because he cannot sell his cotton, the miner, because he cannot sell his coal, the shipper and the railroad, because they cannot get wheat and cotton and coal to carry in their ships and cars. And the rest of us are going about hungry and cold and naked because we cannot have wheat to eat, and cotton to wear and coal to burn."

"Why, Daddy, we all have clothes on, haven't we?" Monica protested.

And just at that precise moment didn't Emmet have to thrust a tousled head in at the door and shout: "Mom, Mom, the bread-wagon is here. He wants to know how many loaves and how many pies to leave."

"Be quiet, children," cried Monogue. "Don't be taking all the punch out of your father's eloquent speech." Then he continued, though with somewhat abated enthusiasm. "Why all this suffering in the midst of plenty? Because of greed and graft, incompetence and stupidity."

"Was it not always the same?" Uncle Dan persisted. "Every time a poor body died for want of food or warmth, 'twas not because there was none to be had, 'twas because himself or some wan else was stupid or bad—or mebbe both."

"When these misfortunes happened in the past, they affected only a limited territory or region—this time the whole world is suffering."

"You have nobody to blame for that but yourself. After you have so thrained your tastes that it takes the whole wide world to minister

to them, nothing can go wrong in anny counthry but you'll feel the sting of it."

"Remember, Uncle Dan, you are not addressing a malefactor of great wealth. You are talking to Mike Monogue, a poor man of simple tastes."

"Simple tastes, is it? When you sits down to your simple brequist of a morning, you require that the naygurs in Brazil should have sweated under the tropical sun to grow your coffee, and the coolies in China your rice, and the brownies in Cuby your sugar, to say nothing of the fifty-to-one-hundred-per cent Americans that grew your grape fruit in Florida, and your orange juice in California, and your bacon in Kansas, and your corn flakes in Michigan, and your milk and eggs in Beled County—yes, and the Christians that shovel coal in the gas house so that Mary Rose may have fuel to boil the water that is piped into your kitchen by the Public Utility Holdup Association—or—or—the wife, if Mary Rose isn't out of bed yet. For a poor man of simple tastes, you can use a fine staff of servants, I'll go bail."

"If you call those servants, let me ask you, did you ever see a breakfast without servants?"

"I did so, manny a time in the airly days—and a plentiful, wholesome brequist it was, too. Crisp, sizzling bacon from our own hogs, fried over a fire of wood from our own grove, sweet, rich milk and fresh butter from our own cows, buckwheat pancakes from our own field, and sugar from our own maples. They might be having a new government in Brazil, a revolution in Cuby, a mutiny at say, a lamb-shearing on Wall street, a speech in the Sinate, or anny other calamity you might mention—'twould affect us no more nor to make us hold out our plate for another stack of hotcakes and syrup."

"Look here, you old moss-back reactionary, we have used our heads where you only knew how to use your hands. In those days, with their crude, primitive methods, man and wife and all the larger children had to work from twelve to sixteen hours a day, and for what? Just to provide the bare necessities for their own existence. Nowadays, with our improved machinery, steam and electric power, mass production and rapid distribution, a hundred men can produce and deliver at our door as much of any of those commodities as two or three thousand used to make by the old-fashioned methods. Why should I spend days of back-breaking effort felling trees and splitting wood when, by a few

hours' pleasant work at my trade, I can earn enough to pay the gas bill?"

"Thru for you, Mike, why should you?"

"Aha, so you did not mean a word of all this you have been saying."

"I wouldn't say that, now, Mike. I wouldn't say that. It's not mistaking me for a Congressman, you are? But here is the point: present times are beautiful—*whin* they are beautiful; past times were not so beautiful, but they were more safe. If you prefer to take a chance with the present times, then, says I, why shouldn't you? Only, Mike, if you do prefer the present times, why do you be always bally-raggin' them? You reminds me of the la-ad that ate his lollypop and then sat down and bawled because it was gone."

"Father Tim," Monogue felt the need of an ally. "Father Tim, what shall we do with this old prattler, at all? Send him to a house for the feeble-minded?"

"I often think I am livin' in one now, so I do—when Mистер Monogue begins curin' the daypression."

"We might do what you say with the old gentleman." Father Casey began slowly, juridically. "And then, on the other hand, we might—I do not know—but maybe we might brood over what he says in his wanderings and perhaps pick up more than one crumb of substantial food. Mike Monogue, do you know the difference between harvesting grain with a cradle and with a 'combine'?"

"I ought to; I have done both."

"What is the difference?"

"Well, the cradle method is the harder, at least on the muscles, while the combine is fifty or a hundred times more efficient."

"Why do you say 'at least on the muscles'?"

"Because it is not easier on the mind. Operating a combine kept me on such a strain that, at the end of the season, I was nearly a nervous wreck."

"Why?"

"Because it is such a complicated machine. If anything got wrong with it or with the organization needed to keep it in operation, acres upon acres of precious grain would go to waste before we could get it running again."

"Had you no worry with the cradle?"

"Never a bit. If anything got wrong with it, I sat down in the

shade and fixed it myself, and then went swinging down through the ripened grain."

"Splendid," cried the priest, "there you have Uncle Dan's point to a tee. And, do you know, I believe the old rascal is right. Our pioneers lived in the cradle age, we are living in the combine age."

"Daddy, how could you ever cut wheat with a cradle? A cradle is a thing to rock the baby in."

"The word has many different meanings, Monica. One is, an old-fashioned scythe with wooden fingers used in harvesting grain."

"And what is a 'combine'?"

"It is a modern short-cut between the wheat field and a pan of biscuits. Formerly, a man cut the wheat with a cradle, then he bound it into sheaves, then he shocked it, later he stacked it, finally he beat out the grain with a flail and tossed it up in the wind to separate it from the chaff. A combine cuts and threshes the grain all in one operation, so that now, the moment the wheat is cut, it can be hauled off at once to the flour mill. But, Father Tim, you must pardon me and my intelligent daughter for interrupting the proceedings. You were saying that we now live, not in the cradle age, but in the combine age. You mean our present age is infinitely more efficient—until it gets out of order. Then it is infinitely more difficult to adjust because it is so complicated."

"Exactly," the priest replied. "When this machine is functioning properly, you can earn enough by working eight hours a day at your trade to buy all the things you need, no matter what part of the world they come from. But this means that all these things must be turned out at a low cost by mass production, which means there must be immense factories and distribution and transportation systems, and bonds and stocks and banks, and regulation and taxes, and importation and exportation problems and international agreements, and credits and money standards; in fact, a colossal machine of the greatest intricacy and delicacy encircling the globe. When there is a flaw in any part of this machine, the whole world suffers. Just as acres of grain went to waste before you could get your combine going again, so millions of human beings may starve before this machine gets going right. In the face of such dreadful possibilities, would you not rather go back to the cradle age? True, you would have no auto or radio or telephone or daily paper, and you might sometimes have to work sixteen hours

a day, but you would have little fear of seeing your family without food or shelter."

"I'll tell you the truth, Father Tim, I should rather take a chance on the present plan. This pioneer stuff looks nice in a movie—but I have been through it. And if my family had just six months of it, they would vote the same way, too."

"Since that is your free choice, when depression comes, with all its horrible concomitants, you must make the best of it."

"But here is the point: let them take proper steps to prevent the recurrence of depression."

"It cannot be done. Just as Uncle Dan said, whenever there is suffering for food and shelter, somebody has been stupid or somebody has been bad. This present system is operated by millions of human beings in all parts of the world. There will always be enough stupidity or badness among them to bring about difficulties from time to time."

"At least there must be a way of avoiding most of those difficulties, of lessening their harmfulness, of overcoming them more rapidly, in a word, of making the machine run more smoothly and safely."

"There is. Follow the book of instructions."

"Follow what?"

"The book of instructions. There was a book of instructions with your combine?"

"Yes."

"The more faithfully everybody followed it, the better the results, the fewer the accidents?"

"Yes."

"Well, the book of instructions for operating this great complicated machine of human relationships is the Catechism."

SOURCE OF STRENGTH

It is related of Taine that once while visiting the Little Sisters of the Poor in Paris he asked the Prioress:

"But whence do you get the strength for so hard a life?"

At that moment they were standing in front of the chapel door. The Prioress opened it and answered:

"From here, Monsieur."

Unbelief comes from two wants—want of power of mind, or want of purity of heart.—*Father Faber.*

A Study in Marriages

J. A. TREINEN, C.Ss.R.

I

"With This Ring."

"With this ring I thee wed and I plight unto thee my troth."

That was Agnes' dream. She dreamed it last night and the nights previous; she would dream it again tonight and the nights following, until—its fulfillment.

But how many dreams really come true? Some do. How often the Boy Christ must have dreamed of the Skull-hill outside the walls of Jerusalem! Do dream-castles still remain castles when the dream is gone? They can. But not even a dreamer cares to live in them in reality.

And yet Agnes' eyes looked brighter in the morning after her dreams; her face grew more tender; and her voice, of course, much softer. For Agnes believed her dream would come true.

Donald was the greater part of her dream, and all of her reality. In her dream or out of it—he was a gentleman; this made him worthy of any woman, and, therefore, also of Agnes.

Their courtship was ideal, not idealistic; for it was Christian, and Christianity is painfully practical. They saw each other only once or twice a week; this kept their love aglow instead of cooling it as excessive visits must do. They danced only in each other's arms; smiled only in each other's eyes; loved only each other's heart. More than often Donald had told her that "he loved her in the name of God and for the ray she was of Him." That is what made their love so beautiful, so true, so lasting: God was behind it all. Their Christ in White was a welcome visitor to their courting. Ideal? Indeed, almost fictitious; and yet their case, rare though it may seem, is a type of truest reality and of most real truth.

Today they were married—and earth should be better for it; for another likeness of Christ and His Church has been made by the Divine Artist. He surely will not mar its beauty nor retard its power for good. Will they?

Agnes, you know, means lamb—and every bride is a lamb in some respect. Lambs have a special vocation to be sacrificed. Haven't brides

the same? Some lambs grow old before they are shorn and led to the slaughter. But yearlings, too, are often called to be sacrificed.

And brides. Must we say it? Let us say, then, that today, on her wedding day, Agnes could say as said the Bride in Solomon's Song: My Beloved is mine and I am his. Will she still say it with all sincerity on her first—her fifth—or her silver anniversary? Perhaps. But there is no "perhaps," no doubt whatsoever that before her silver gifts are tarnished, she shall often have been tempted to leave her fold. If she wins over the temptation it will be because her faith has taught her that stray lambs and erring brides make the blackest sheep. So she will not blacken herself—though it costs her much to keep white. Instead, she will cling to her lambkins; and perhaps the memory of the vow she spoke today will come back to her and be a support to her: "For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health till"—the hour of sacrifice shall toll.

So if she wins, her life shall not have been in vain. But will she win? She cannot answer that infallibly today. Thus, even at its best, her wedding day as well as her wedded days to come will be disturbed by visions of doubt; by phantoms of suffering; by spectres of infidelity.

And if she loses! But will she lose? No man knows—but every man knows the name of the losers is legion.

II

"With This Blood."

She was twenty-three.

Hers was a deep heart—in quest of a deeper love; a restless heart—a heart, indeed, that was breaking bit by bit from day to day. When she found him—it broke.

He was thirty-three.

His was a deeper heart—hungering for the deepest love—feeding itself on broken hearts.

He surely was handsome and up-to-date. Those who had seen him remarked that he often wept—though they never saw him smile. His step was light; his face, bright and clear as a boy's. There was blue blood in his veins—for one of his forefathers had been a king. In her eyes he looked eternally young.

He had never taken her to a dance—never even offered himself—not even suggested it. Not that he considered all dancing improper—but simply because—. Well, he just couldn't do it. And oh, how she

had loved dancing. But she was gradually becoming sane again on this point. He would accompany her to the various places of amusement and merrymaking whenever she went; he would watch over her and bring her home safely—gallantly—as the knight of old treated milady.

His picture stood on her bureau in a gilded frame—it wasn't just a photograph: some painter had done it.

She was imaged in his memory—enshrined in his heart; written, somehow, in the hollow of his hand.

There were moonlight nights, to be sure; vigils, too, that were broken off only by the first streaks of dawn. But she alone talked. Strange! And though he was intimately near her she always looked dreamily beyond the stars when she spoke to him. He may have answered her at times—but it is difficult to prove; he was a silent lover.

Her friends hearing rumors of her engagement often asked her when the day was set for the wedding.

"It's up to him," she would say, and no more. It seemed as though she was ready to be literally surprised into marriage. Her wedding day might come like a thief in the night!

Then, suddenly, her health began to fail. And people thought that if she persisted in her marriage, her trousseau would serve her as a shroud as well.

* * *

Came the wedding day—and he came, too; not to the altar to meet his bride but to a white cot in a white room of a white stone hospital. To the untrained, uninitiated eye the scene of the wedding was dull and unromantic; yet heaven itself could not have given a speck of gold to make it brighter.

Some may not call this a marriage at all. They are not right. They need faith—much of it. Listen.

He is coming down the corridor now to the white room and to the white cot where lies his sweet white heart. Many pass him along the way; they stop, instinctively. He enters the room; she beams for she alone recognizes him: he, too, is all in white. He is led to the bed—he stoops to come to her heart. In a moment they shall be one—"two in one flesh." Now she lifts her head to kiss him—not on his lips nor on his cheek—but *him*. Then she whispers prayerfully: "Lord, I am not worthy." Now they are one—ah! Heart to heart—in holiest embrace. She had found Him—and her heart broke in the finding. A

gush of blood broke from her broken heart. It was the red seal of her love. For the last time her lips obeyed her heart. They said her marriage vow: "With this blood I Thee wed, and I pledge unto Thee my fidelity."

Then, in that white room, they pulled a white cloth over the white face; for on the white cot lay the white heart—at rest.

* * *

Some day this night of time shall pass into eternal day; some day faith shall blend into vision. And when that day comes you and I shall scan the annals of the King of the Kings; in them we shall read the record of this marriage:

"She was twenty-three.

He was eternally."

"He that giveth his daughter in marriage, doth well; and he that giveth her not, doth better." I Cor. 7:38.

HONORING THE KING

Augustin Louis Cauchy, the famous Mathematician who was born at Paris in the year of the Revolution, on his deathbed gave a tender manifestation of his strong faith and his profound piety. When told that the priest was about to come to the house, bringing him Holy Viaticum, he directed that all the most beautiful and costly flowers in his garden be plucked and arranged along the stairs leading up to his room, that his Sacramental Lord might be fittingly welcomed and received into his house.

MAN TO MAN

Father Semple, S.J., used to tell this story about an old colored servant in Louisiana and his Methodist master:

On one occasion the latter said to his colored servant:

"Look here, Sam, what do you get out of your church service? Your priest stands up with his back to you, talks Latin and mumbles what he says. Now, in my church, my minister gets up and he faces me and talks to me, man to man."

"That's just it," answered Sam. "Your minister talks to you, to a man. Now my priest talks for me to God, and God understands Latin."
—*Selected.*

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

X

When entering the Bay of Naples, tourists are thrilled by the marvelous scene that stretches before them. The arresting sight of Vesuvius off to the right, the city proper banking away from the water front and dominated by the historic San Martino, compliment the adage: See Naples and die. To the left lies the coast line called Posillippo, a favorite spot of the Neopolitans. Here among the pretty gardens is the villa of the noble family, Capece Galeota, where somewhat over two decades ago, a little lad was born—the subject of our present sketch. The lad's mother, the Countess Capece Galeota, gives us the details of this life, which Father Bessieres of the Society of Jesus has published in his volume "Inter Lilia," second series, in 1929.

LIVIETTO (1910-1917)

Livio, or, as he was affectionately called, Livietto, was born on November 30, 1910, in the family villa near Vitulazio not far from Capua. He was baptized the next day in the family chapel by the aged parish priest. Of the first year and one-half, the mother tells us nothing. When, however, the child was 19 months old, he became gravely ill, but a promise to Our Lady of Pompeii seems to have restored him to health.

WRITING LETTERS TO GOD

At three his character began to manifest itself. He wanted to be good, but at the same time showed unmistakable signs of wanting to dominate and rule. When something was given to his little sisters, or another was preferred before him, he wanted to get all. But the mother soon helped the lad to correct this defect.

When he saw his brothers and sisters go to confession, he wanted also to go into "the little sentry-box." In fact, he did go, but did not know what to say. However, the next year he made his first confession, and continued to do so every week. He could hardly understand how anyone could do anything wrong, and one time came home sobbing from instructions because the priest had said there were bad and disobedient children, who caused Jesus pain. "I have not done that, have I, mamma?" the little lad sobbed.

When the others went to Communion, Livietto would mingle with them, but he was always told: "You are too little; you are too impulsive." One time a priest, in order to satisfy him, told Livietto that he would give him Communion the next time. The lad believed him, and when Communion was again refused the boy wept bitterly at the disappointment.

About this time, he got the idea to write letters to Jesus and to the Madonna. He could not write as yet, so he got his mother to be his secretary. The first letter is characteristic, made up of the details of the home.

"Dear Jesus: When will I go to heaven? Papa is gone. Mamma is writing this letter for me. My brothers and sisters, as well as mamma, are at home. There is a picture of papa and of Joseph here. After I have said the daily Hail Mary for papa, my brothers and I go out. Anna sleeps. Your Livio."

His mother wrote this note for him in pencil, and he spent the entire morning tracing over it with pen and ink. Then the letter was hidden in the fireplace. The next day it was gone, and each morning he would look for the answer, until one morning he found the coveted reply. His mother had written it. He multiplied his letters, telling Jesus "that he will be obedient and good;" "that He should arrange that he receive his First Communion soon;" "that He should put an end to the shocks of earthquake."

"I WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU!"

Livio was impulsive and broke out in little rebellions every now and then. To overcome this, the mother made him reflect on the pain such things caused Jesus, and the lad changed almost instantly.

One day he was studying at his little table. Near by was an altar to the Sacred Heart which his sisters had decorated with flowers. The sight of the lad so attentive to study surprised one of his sisters.

"Why, Livio, what is the reason of this miracle?" she exclaimed.

"Because, when I study hard," came the answer, "the Sacred Heart smiles at me!"

In the month of June, 1916, the family was solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart. There is a little document extant in which Livio wrote down his resolutions for this occasion. They cover a wide field and grew to the number of seventeen. He promises the Sacred Heart that he will tell no lies, that he will make sacrifices, that he will try

not to be impulsive, that he will not hide things, that he will not tease his brothers.

Livio attended instructions of the First Communion class of 1916, although he himself was not to receive. At one of these instructions the children were told how some saints had had the privilege of seeing Jesus in the Sacred Host. Livio told his mother that he would like to see Jesus also, and was told that Jesus gave this grace very seldom, but might give it if he asked for it. From that moment the lad prayed: "Dear Jesus, I would like to see you!" Some days after, Livio confided to his mother in all simplicity that he had seen Jesus on the altar some moments before his brother Louis had approached the altar to make his First Communion. From that time, the boy's mind seemed filled with the idea of Communion; his one desire was for the altar. He begged his mother to obtain Communion for him, and she tried to put him off by saying: "Next year; you are as yet too small." One day Father Aprea came to say Mass in the family chapel. He liked Livio and encouraged him to ask for Communion, but the lad said sadly that he was told he was too small and too impulsive.

"But go and ask your confessor," continued Father Apreal, "and if he permits I myself will give you your First Communion."

"Well, Livietto," asked the astonished Father Confessor of the breathless lad, "when would you like to receive?"

"Tomorrow," was the quick reply.

"Oh that is impossible," the good priest answered. "But if you prepare yourself well, know your catechism and are good, I will perhaps allow you to receive on Christmas." That did not satisfy the lad at all, but he could get no farther.

BEANS OF GOOD WORKS

From that day, he studied his Catechism with all possible diligence and his mother was plied with questions, for he seemed insatiable for religious knowledge. Quite naturally that same evening, Jesus received His customary note assuring Him that the Catechism was being well studied. The entire manner of the lad had changed. He seemed in a sort of reverie and the desire of Jesus took away all relish for his old games.

One evening his mother bent over the little bed to kiss the lad "Good night" when he said quite simply: "See, mamma, see, the Infant Jesus is between you and me. . . . There!" The mother kissed her boy,

and silently left the room, her heart quickened with the joy that the nearness of Jesus always inspires. A few days after, Livio again told his mother of another apparition. He had seen the Sacred Heart in his room.

"He looked just like the big picture of the consecration, but only larger."

"At another time," writes the Countess in her memoir of her saintly child, "he assured me that he had seen his room filled with little angels, 'little, little, and all white, and they came and went.' Later he confided to me that he had seen two large angels: 'the one white with a host in his hands; the other dressed in red carrying a chalice.'"

The mother listened to all these things and asked nothing; she neither encouraged nor discouraged him. Meanwhile he steadily and quite visibly increased in goodness. It could easily be seen in his perfect obedience, his recollection at prayer, his giving in to his brothers. The mother had him put up two little boxes in the oratory, one for the good days and one for the bad days. Each evening the lad dropped a bean in this box or that according as the day had been good or bad. He was given to understand that his First Communion depended entirely upon the proceeds of these boxes.

TOWARD THE EUCHARIST

Towards the end of July, the mother prompted the lad to ask his confessor whether he could not receive his First Communion on the feast of St. Ignatius. The petition was granted and three days before the 31st, the lad started a retreat of three days under the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. The Sisters still remember how the lad used to answer in the instruction class. He would always reflect a little, and then answer very precisely even though in the language of the five-year-old child. In looking through the Catechism of pictures, he lingered on those of the Passion.

"Why do you prefer these pictures?" he was asked.

"Because I love Jesus when he suffers," was the reply.

"But are not the pictures of the Adoration of the Magi, and the Resurrection more beautiful?"

"No, I like Jesus' suffering better."

"And why do you love Him more?"

"Because he suffers for love of us!"

One time Livietto came to his mother, tears glistening in his eyes.

"O what pain Jesus had to undergo," he said as he showed her a picture of the Scourging. "It is the fault of the wicked and the Jews. And still Jesus had cured them—He had been so good to them!" His knowledge of the Catechism was not a mechanical recitation—it had all the marks of decision and conviction.

"Livio, is Jesus present in the little pieces of host?"

"Yes."

"Even in a wee little piece?"

"Yes, yes, it is always Jesus."

"Then he is also in those hosts in the sacristy?"

"No, no, he is not there; the hosts are not consecrated."

HIS FIRST COMMUNION

The great day, July 31, came at last. At seven o'clock the family was ready to leave for the chapel of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Just as they were about to leave the house, the lad's mother called Livio aside.

"Listen, Livietto, this is the most beautiful day of your life. Jesus is going to come into your heart and you are going to enter into His. You can ask Him for whatever you want. Now before you leave the house, I would like you to kneel down and ask for a particular grace, the most important grace of all."

"But, mamma," said the lad, "I do not know what to ask for; you tell me."

"No, my dear, I cannot do that. Kneel down and close your eyes and after a minute of recollection, Jesus will tell you what you ought to ask." The boy obeyed, and knelt down before the statue of the Sacred Heart. In a few moments he was at his mother's side once more, his eyes shining with happiness.

"Mamma, I found out what I should ask. I have asked of Jesus rather to die than commit a single sin. Not only a mortal sin, but even a wee tiny sin," and he held out two fingers closed as it were upon a grain of sand. Without his knowing it, the child had offered his life to God, for God saved his innocence by an early death.

The First Communion was an inspiring occasion. The chapel was gay with adornment, the altars alive with lights. Livio, dressed in white, knelt upon the white priedieu and read his prayer of thanksgiving aloud, his clear sure voice vibrant with the intense joy he felt. He received Holy Communion each morning during the month of August, and

when later the family went for the summer into the country, he received each Sunday and Friday.

"WHAT A PITY I DID NOT DIE THEN!"

About this time his notes to Jesus are filled with allusions to the Great War. He asks that Christ should send chaplains to the ships and trenches; that Aunt Nina's house should be protected from bombs. At this time, too, he ends his letters with the phrase: "Dear Jesus, I would like to see You!" Of course, his letters remained unanswered, and one day he asked his mother what the reason was. She told him, that now that he was getting big, and Jesus had come to him in Holy Communion, He chose to answer directly when He came into his heart.

At the age of six, Livio applied himself seriously to study. At first it was for him a real torment, because he was by nature restless and loved to run about. But he clung to his books, and would often be found gazing pensively out of the window across the countryside. He envied the cats and birds, and butterflies because they did not have to study. Meanwhile he always remained a lively lad. When at play he could be heard above all the rest; he hunted birds' nests and chased butterflies; he was the picture of fun when in his little black suit he played among the waves of the Mediterranean along the Posilippo. In July, 1917, he passed a brilliant examination and was placed in the third elementary. He was at this time a lad of six years and eight months.

One Friday in October, the conversation turned upon the serious sickness that Livio had had and the cure that Our Lady of Pompei had effected. The little lad seemed in serious thought.

"O what a pity I did not die then," he said sadly, "for I would have gone to heaven."

"No, my son," answered Father Paul, his confessor; "if you had died at that age, you would have borne your innocence to heaven, but living longer you will carry your gathered merits." The saying struck the lad very much, and he walked away lost in thought.

TOWARD THE LIGHT

At times Livietto seemed to be pale and nervous; at one time he had been calm and now he began to lie awake at night, and was often found crying. He could give no reason for it. The doctor was called and prescribed some remedy. This was the 24th of October. The next day, Livio played with his little playmates as usual, but was ex-

ceptionally tired at evening. The next morning his mother found him very much oppressed; he was nervous and troubled, although there was no sign of fever and he had a good appetite. Once more the doctor came; Livio was seriously ill. A consultation was held—God alone could save Livio. What the ailment was no one seemed to know; it was something unique and mysterious. Similar facts were noted in the sketches of other children, and most recently in the case of little Jane McClorey, of whose illness neither doctors nor X-ray could give an account. It seems God simply wants these children, and has His own way of claiming them.

However, the mother makes a thought-provoking statement: "Suddenly I remembered the secret Livio had confided to me on the morning of his First Communion: 'I have asked of Jesus rather to die than to commit a single sin.' And I also remembered his letter: 'Dear Jesus, I would like to see You.'"

Livio grew steadily worse. His lips became parched, his chest was oppressed, his whole countenance bore the unmistakable sign of suffering. Viaticum was brought to him on Tuesday morning and he prepared for it with the same pleasure as he would have for a walk in the garden. No fear or anxiety could be detected. That afternoon the little sufferer felt somewhat better. The same day he had the happiness of receiving the Sacrament of Confirmation. Prayers were offered in several churches for Livio's recovery, but he sank steadily.

HOME WITH GOD

Livio at times seemed to think of the judgment. His mother records an instance that happened the day after he received the Viaticum. Of a sudden, Livio came out of his drowsy state, and looked at his mother with a preoccupied air:

"Listen, mamma, if anyone commits a mortal sin, but without doing so knowingly, will Jesus pardon him?"

"Poor child," answered the mother, "you must be at peace. Jesus pardons all, and especially when the fault has not been voluntary." This answer put him at rest.

A very repugnant remedy was prescribed. Livio pleaded, but his mother was firm.

"It is the will of God, Livio," she said; and remember you have promised to do that always."

"But mother," he pleaded, "I do want to take this, but I am unable,

really I can't, I feel so ill." But he tried to do so, and succeeded, but only after very great effort. This remedy had to be taken several times, and each time it meant a similar struggle, and each time a like victory.

All Saints day came, and with it another Holy Communion. It proved to be the vigil of his death. The lad did not know it since he asked his mother about the Saturday lessons in Italian. His mother told him that he would have a vacation.

"Yes, surely, I will have a vacation," he said, "but for how many days?"

"For the entire month," the mother spoke, although her heart was breaking under her sorrow and premonition.

"Ah, that is fine," he said trying meanwhile to smile, "then I will have vacation on my birthday."

"Yes, yes," was the mechanical reply, while somewhere in her memory, the answer was completed: "and you will celebrate it with the angels in heaven."

That evening, the mother recited as was her wont, the evening prayers with her boy. She then bade him good-night and left the room. At the door she turned once more, and she saw how Livio gave her a long sorrowful and penetrating look, and premonition crystallized into conviction—this would surely be his last night upon earth. That evening she said to her husband: "Tomorrow is the First Friday of the Month. The Sacred Heart will either give us a cure or he will call him to Himself. Let us prepare ourselves."

That night Livio was restless, and this fact, coupled with lack of nourishment for the previous two days, made him very weak. Injections had to be given to keep up his strength. Around seven o'clock he seemed to be quickened with life, and asked to have the windows opened: "Light, mamma, more light!" The windows were opened, and something of the beauty of the outdoors stole into the room, and with it the impression of the falling leaves. The Countess recited the morning prayer with Livio and as she came to the end of the prayer of St. Ignatius that she taught her children to say each morning, her throat went dry, and tears stood in her eyes:

"In the hour of my death call me.
And bid me to come to Thee,
That with Thy saints I may praise Thee
Forever and ever. Amen."

Later he asked for a little water, and when it was given, he tasted it and pushed it from him: "It is so bitter," and fell back wearily onto the pillow. He dozed for about half an hour and then opened his eyes, and as he closed them, his mother called him. But he seemed not to hear. The parish priest was called, and Extreme Unction was administered. "We were all on our knees, praying," runs the memoir. "His breathing became short. Towards eleven o'clock, November 2, 1917, the day of the Commemoration of the Dead, and the First Friday of the month, the soul of Livietto as a cloud of incense, went to see Jesus. He was not quite seven years old."

MEMORIES THAT LIVE

Dressed in his white First Communion suit, Livio rested beneath the picture of the Consecration, where but three months before he had asked for death rather than commit the least sin. The lily of his First Communion rested across the little breast, and his hands held crucifix and rosary. In this way they laid him to rest, but his memory lingers on. His brothers and sisters planted a little cross among the flowers in the garden where Livio used to play, but the mother treasures the invisible presence of her sainted child. "Dear little one," so the memoir ends, "with you, even though our hearts are broken, we bless the Lord, and give Him thanks."

GLOOM DISPELLER

If you are looking for a little gloom dispeller, something that will make it "impossible to remain dull and sullen" — and no doubt you are looking for that — you will have to go to a source that hitherto perhaps was secret and hidden to you.

This is what Aubrey Beardsley — the artist who had once sought forgetfulness in this world's sweets — had to say in a letter to a friend:

"Thank you very much for your letter and the little book for the month of St. Joseph which I will read with you day by day through March . . . I have been reading a good deal of St. Alphonsus Liguori; *no one dispels depression more effectively than he*. Reading his loving exclamations so lovingly reiterated, it is impossible to remain dull and sullen."

The Ven. Peter Donders, C.Ss.R.

APOSTAL OF THE LEPERS

CHAP. XI. THE APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS—(Con.)

Prayer was, however, the most powerful means that the Servant of God employed to bring about the conversion of sinners. It is, indeed, the greatest means of all. This is clear from what our Lord Himself said to St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi: "Behold, O my daughter, how the devil lays hold of Christians. They would infallibly become his prey but for the prayers of the elect!" Father Donders was so thoroughly convinced of this truth that he used to say: "We can do nothing better for the salvation of souls than to pray for them." With the exception of the time which he devoted to visiting the sick and an hour of manual labor in the garden for the sake of exercise, he spent nearly the whole day in the church before the Blessed Sacrament. There he had taken up his abode; there one could find him any time during the day; nay, even during the night. How did his people come to know this? Nearly all of them were very fond of music and dancing. When the evening services in the church were over, they would frequently ask his permission to have a dance. This he granted under certain conditions: they should abstain from certain kinds of dancing, and not protract their amusement later than ten o'clock. They always promised; but they did not always keep their word. After ten o'clock they would secretly resort to a more distant place and there continue their merry-making. Returning home at an hour far advanced in the night, they perceived a light burning in the church or heard the sound of footsteps. Cautiously they would approach and peep through the windows into the church, where they saw the priest spending the night in prayer.

Another spot most cherished by him for his nightly devotions was the cemetery. Kneeling here at the foot of the huge Cross, he spent the night in prayer with his Master in the Garden of Olives, offering himself for the welfare of immortal souls. If a simple Lay-brother or Lay-sister often gains more souls for God than many an eloquent preacher, what power with God, what mighty influence on souls must the prayers and sacrifices of this Servant of God have had!

Thus morals at Batavia gradually improved. "How good God is," Father Donders writes, "how sollicitous His paternal Providence! To

how many is this terrible disease the only means of their eternal happiness! How many learn in this place to know and to adore God, whom they would otherwise never have known or adored! How many learn to expiate their sins and to secure their eternal salvation by bearing patiently their fearful sufferings!"

Almost all of them died in the bosom of the Church, after receiving the sacraments. The chronicler of Batavia writes: "I refrain from going into particulars, lest I should wound the great humility of the missionary. I shall confine myself to saying only that from the year 1856 to the year 1872 Father Donders' apostolic labors at Batavia produced abundant fruits."

His influence grew day by day. He was the arbiter in all disputes, he had to settle all their quarrels. He waited long before he interfered. When he did interfere he said only: "I beg you to stop this. Let everyone go his own way." A few words from him were sufficient to quiet all parties. The following fact attests still better the influence which he exercised at Batavia. It occurred on Holy Innocents' Day, Dec. 28th, 1874. On that day a general lamentation was heard all over Batavia, as long ago in Bethlehem and its environs. The civil authorities had decided to separate the children from their parents and to take them to another place to protect them from infection. This measure was made public on Holy Innocents' Day. We can easily imagine the lamentation of the parents, the bitter grief that came upon the houses. They besought, they implored, they threatened. Secretly they hid their little ones. The officials of the Government were at their wits' end, and had to return home unsuccessful. Only half the children had been surrendered. Accompanied by the Commissary, the Government Officials came a second time. Father Donders now interfered. He made his people understand the wisdom of the measure taken, and he told them to obey. And lo! all the children were handed over. He himself came to the officials, carrying in his arms a chinese boy whose life he had saved. For hearing that the father of the lad had taken him into the forest with the intention of killing him, he at once ran after him and persuaded the man to give the child to him.

In the two Reports which the Commissary sent in to the Government, he praised Father Donders highly for the assistance rendered. Thanks to the help of the Servant of God everything had been done without recourse to violence. At the request of the Commissary the

authorities at Paramaribo gave special thanks to Father Donders for his effective concurrence in the affair.

Perhaps it is in place here to answer the question, Did not Father Donders become infected with the disease? He worked among these lepers for twenty-six years; he attended them, he nursed and cared for them, he treated them as if they were not lepers at all. He never took any precautions, and beyond doubt transgressed the general rules of prudence. He lived in the same house with a fellow-priest, who was himself a leper. When going from Batavia to the plantations, he had no other rowers but lepers; the yellow pennant on his boat being a sign to everyone that lepers were approaching. And yet, in spite of all this, the Servant of God never caught that dreadful disease which in the space of ten years carried Father Damien to the grave, notwithstanding all his precautions.

Did the Servant of God know that he was immune? We cannot with any certainty answer in the affirmative. This only may be said: that when he was advised to be cautious, he would invariably answer: "Have no fear; the leprosy will not touch me!" And he spoke the truth. His confidence in God was never put to shame. However, if he did not die of leprosy like Father Damian, his spirit of sacrifice will be not the less rewarded. It is quite evident from what he did that he was ready to accept that heavy cross from the hands of God at any time, had such been the Divine Will.

When Very Rev. Father Oomen, C.S.S.R., Provincial of the Dutch Province, made his canonical visitation to Surinam in 1882, he did not fail to go to Batavia. "I was extremely anxious," he writes, "to see the man of whose saintly life I had heard so much. I wanted to see him in the very thorny field of labor that had made a Saint of him. And when I was brought into his presence, and saw him of whom I had formed so great an idea, do you wish to know what impression he made upon me? It was as if I saw before me the saintly Curé of Ars. The same features speaking of mortification, goodness and piety; as simple in his bearing, as kind toward everyone. He did his utmost to put us at our ease in every particular; for the rest, he went his own way as usual, spending most of the time in the church."

The Very Rev. Father Oomen left Batavia with a high opinion of the sanctity of Father Donders. He was one of those most interested in the Cause of Father Donders' Beatification. Rev. Father Startz

writes to the Provincial concerning the Servant of God: "I am quite ready to give you all the particulars about the life of Father Donders; but I should be a saint myself to do it properly. A saint is better able to enter into the sanctuary of a saint's interior. Better than ever do I perceive now that he has left me far behind. Black is not white. However, not only his fellow-priests, but everyone had a high opinion of him." A highly esteemed manager of the plantation Catharina Sophia, Mr. J. Gefken, writes: "I often came in contact with a minister of the Moravian sect who lived on the same estate as myself. Whenever this gentleman went to Batavia, he never failed to call to visit the saintly priest. On returning home, he would come to see me to speak of Father Donders. He always concluded his talk with the words: "Truly that man is a saint."

(To be continued)

LEARNING BY PRACTICE

Father Maturin, the wellknown convert from Anglicanism, in one of his letters gives a very beautiful instruction on true love of God. He writes:

"Our Lord's words in regard to love are clear: This is the love of God, that ye *do* whatsoever I command you.

"Both the sign of love and the means of gaining it is by *doing*. Feeling and emotion is a help, but a most unsafe test. Many whose love is deep and true — true enough to die for Our Lord — have little sensible love.

"It is with religion as with other things: you may have a real talent for music, but if you never practice, it will die; and often you may have to drive yourself to the piano, and find little but repugnance to the study; but if you go on the joy and love will come.

"So you may have — nay you have — the power of loving God above all things and, if you are baptized, you have the gift of faith. But whether these powers will ever develop to the full, or develop at all, depends upon whether you force yourself to the practice of religion — prayer, holy reading, thinking of God and holy things. The greatest power of faith and love to God will duly develop by practice, by doing what faith and love demand."

Houses

THE HOUSE OF CONTRADICTION

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

XI

Sunday dawned—clear and calm and warm. The sun streamed hotly through the east windows of Air Castle and permitted no indulgence of sleepiness because it routed it completely. Even in the rooms not open to the morning sun—its presence could be felt—beating down upon the roof—relaying its heat-waves from the space beyond the shadows about the house. Everyone except Jack was up early.

It had been arranged the night before that Pauline and Helen and Ed O'Brien would go to the nine o'clock Mass and to Holy Communion. The professor was to stay and guard the cottage and Jack.

While Helen and Ed were down taking a swim, Pauline busied herself about the kitchen preparing breakfast for Lisle. The aroma of coffee came out to him as he sat on the porch, his attention divided between a morning paper and the swimmers down at the beach. It was good to be here. Helen's laughter came up over the terrace to him and tore his attention time and again away from the columns he was trying to read. Then Pauline stood at the door of the cottage and announced:

"Breakfast is ready."

Lisle hesitated—while he cast a glance at Helen and Ed as if to ask whether they were not to be invited. When he entered the house, he saw that only one place was set at the table. He remonstrated:

"Isn't anybody else going to eat breakfast?" he asked.

"Not yet," answered Pauline with a smile. "We are all going to receive Holy Communion at Mass this morning; which means we must be fasting." She let the simple statement go without further explanation.

Lisle sat down but he did not enjoy his breakfast. The old strange feeling of being an outsider—one who doesn't belong—possessed him again—plagued him. He wanted to fast too, though he scarcely knew what it was about.

Helen and Ed came into the cottage—the former's bright green beach robe hanging over her shoulders—her green bathing cap dangling from her hand.

"Whew," said Ed, as he dashed for his room, "that coffee smells good."

"Um-um," articulated Helen, "waiting for it will make it all the better."

Half an hour later the three of them were off to Mass, and Lisle was left alone with Jack. He had watched them depart with a vague sense of resentment. He wanted an invitation to go along—anywhere. He wanted to be one of them. He wanted their complete friendship—their acceptance of him as one of their own. He wanted their philosophy of life that could create joy out of simple things, even out of sacrifices. The incident of their fasting had impressed him deeply. He had never in his life witnessed anything like that before.

He turned back from the doorway whence he had watched them off in time to see Jack reaching a spoon into the soft butter that had been left on the table before him. He was still in a high-chair—finishing his breakfast with a rubberized bib tied securely about his neck.

"Don't do that," said Lisle, striding towards him.

Jack looked up at him with a species of awe. It was not at all as he looked at Pauline or Helen. He might have cried if they had stopped him; at Lisle he gazed as at a stranger; his father was not familiar enough to evoke tears.

Having removed the butter to a safe distance, Lisle placed a chair against the wall and sat facing his son thoughtfully. They formed a strange picture; father and son in the house of a stranger; with a barrier between them as wide as a sea.

All sorts of ideas came to him as he sat—tilting his chair back—watching Jack smear buttered bread over his face and hands in the attempt to eat it. It would be dramatic, for instance, to pick up Jack while the others were gone and make off with him. A kind of kidnapping of his own son. He pictured, not joyfully but morosely, their dismay if they were to return and find the cottage empty. Toying with this idea was only his way of indulging the desire to do something drastic. He did not want to kidnap the child; he wanted to be kidnaped himself—kidnaped into the inner circle of those whom he longed to call friends.

He had come out to the cottage in order to settle a difficulty, he suddenly remembered. Why were Catholics so fiercely loyal and at the same time so consistently discriminated against? What was their

weakness, their fault, their crime? Strange how this question—and all questions of religion eluded him when he mingled with them, and in its place was his desire to participate in whatever made them what they were.

Jack finished his breakfast. Lisle, according to orders left him, untied the bib from around his neck, awkwardly wiped off his face and hands with a damp wash-cloth at which he squirmed and remonstrated, took him down from the chair and brought him out to the veranda where he placed him upon the floor.

No one was around to see him; why not try to amuse Jack in some such way as he had seen the others do? He allowed his lank form to slip down on the floor beside the boy. They looked at one another. Lisle took out his watch and dangled it by the chain.

Jack seemed uninterested. He had explored watches before. But he caught the spirit of Lisle's invitation and climbed across his knees in quest of something else. A fountain pen, gleaming gold and green from Lisle's pocket had caught his eye. He reached for it. Involuntarily Lisle drew back; the pen was the symbol of the profession of the scholar; this particular pen was like an old and trusted friend. In the hands of a child it would surely suffer disrespect and mishap.

For a moment he allowed these thoughts to possess him; then he made the sacrifice. Let the child have the pen. Let him spoil it, break it, destroy it. Let him have anything he wanted—if it would bring them closer together. He took out the pen and invited disaster by unscrewing the top and presenting it in two pieces to Jack.

The latter was not long in discovering its purpose. Accidentally he found the point leaving little black marks on his chubby hands; so he took hold of the barrel in his right fist and drew a deliberate line across his left hand. The result pleased him. He waved the pen gleefully and held his left hand up to his father.

"Wight," he said, informingly, "Wight!"

Thinking his demonstration incomplete, he proceeded to draw a second line through the first. Lisle did not stop him, but arose and secured a large sheet of blank paper. He took Jack on his lap, who by this time was almost as smeared with ink as he had been with butter before.

"Come," he said, "I'll show you how to write."

He took the pen and laboriously demonstrated how it should be held.

He formed a few easy practice-letters on the paper before him, and then placed the pen properly in the hand of Jack.

With supreme self-confidence Jack proceeded to transfer it to his fist and to write as he pleased. Lisle gave the lesson again and again—but the result was always the same. Finally he gave up. He spread the paper out on the wooden flooring of the porch and put Jack down to let him scratch as he pleased. He betook himself to the swing where he sat and gave himself up to dismal thoughts.

The others found them thus when they returned from Mass. Lisle was reawakened to the realities of life when he heard the shocked outcry of Pauline and Helen at sight of Jack; and his spirits dropped to a new "low" when the accusing words of Pauline to Jack rang out:

"For heaven's sake, who gave you that!"

XII

There was an air of tension and expectancy over the group that sat down to the midday meal in the tastefully outfitted dining room of the castle. Pauline watched Helen anxiously, trying to put into her repeated glances something of solicitude, rebuke and fear of what unexpected things her friend might be thinking of doing next. Ed O'Brien was still almost resentfully nonplused over Helen's conduct; he was waiting an opportunity to tell her so. Lisle was still in the depths of his brooding—waiting, too, for something to happen. Only Helen seemed to have the situation well in hand; her chatter went on ceaselessly.

After the meal Eddie had strolled out on the porch for a moment. He returned into the cottage to find Pauline in the dining room alone.

"Well I'll be darned!" he said, looking out of the window. "Look!"

Pauline came and stood beside him. They saw Lisle and Helen hurrying across the lawn to the rear of the cottage—where they climbed into Helen's roadster and were set out for the highway before the two watchers could cry out to them.

"What a girl!" said Eddie, with sarcasm.

"What a man!" said Pauline, in the same tone.

They both laughed . . .

In the car Helen efficiently made her way through the rutted drive that followed the shoreline at the rear of the cottages in silence. When they were out on the concrete highway she settled back comfortably in the driver's seat, took off her beret to allow her hair to feel the caressing coolness of the breeze, and opened the conversation.

"Well, Doctor," she began, "what's on your mind?"

Lisle was not yet over his surprise at Helen's deft maneuver in whisking him away from the cottage. He had a feeling that he was being abducted—for what purpose he could not imagine. He glanced at his abductress and felt satisfied to take things as they came.

"On my mind?" he asked innocently. "Why—I—it seems that you —"

"Don't fiddle-faddle," answered Helen. "You know you are all tied up in knots about something—and I'm determined to know what it is, if I have to drive you to Hongkong."

After this ultimatum they rode on in silence for a time. The sun beat relentlessly down on the pavement as they swept along, but the rushing air was cool on their faces. Helen closed the window partially on her side of the car to make conversation less a matter of shouting above the wind.

The car slowed down while they passed through a village. It wore a Sunday air of quiet and calm. Home people sat chatting beneath shade trees on front lawns. Groups of girls dressed in Sunday finery strolled on the sidewalks. A few men stood in groups here and there, probably talking politics and depression.

"Talk," commanded Helen. "Tell me about yourself, as they do in story-books. I'm interested."

Lisle cast a helpless look about him—his usual way of looking for escape. They were in the open country again; the car was picking up speed. Then he did a strange thing. He laughed. It was a very quiet and sedate laugh, but it was extraordinary for the Professor. Helen saw and was silent. It was the first sign of his crossing the line from isolation into confidence.

"A few hundred years ago," said Lisle, a new lightness in his tone, "you would be called a witch. You'd probably be burned at the stake for reading thoughts and influencing people's minds."

"Oh, yes?" commented Helen.

"In modern terms, you are an expert psychologist—or better—psycho-analyst. You are —"

"Hold on," interrupted Helen, "we were talking about you, if you remember."

Lisle laughed again. It was good to see, thought Helen.

"Yes, I think I can talk to you," he went on, "about myself. I

think I have wanted to for a long time. I was rather afraid, though I don't know why. But I must. Sooner or later I should have done it, whether you asked me or not. I have been wondering for a long time what made you and your friends what you are and me so different. I think I know now. It came clearly to me this morning. I have been fighting against it. Tell me," he said, turning to her and speaking almost with vehemence, "what do I have to do to become a Catholic?"

Helen stopped the car in her amazement and allowed it to remain parked on the highway. She had expected almost anything in the line of self-revelation; only secretly hoping that he would some day come to this. But she was not prepared for his sudden and complete capitulation.

After her first reaction came caution. At once she thought to try him out.

"Do you know what you are asking?" she said, leaning languidly over the steering wheel. "To be a Catholic! Why," she added, remembering the words he himself had used the day he had learned that she and Pauline were Catholics, "that's awful; it's terrible; it can't be."

He caught the allusion and winced. "I admit that's what I used to think. But I've been studying since. I've talked considerably with a priest. I've met you and your friends. All these things have combined to bring me to this request. If you tell me what else I have to do, I'll do it. You have made me want it more than anything I have ever wanted before."

"It will be yours for the asking," answered Helen, trying to keep the elation in her voice down. "I'll go with you to Father Sheldon and break the news. He will instruct you. It will take a few weeks and you can renege any time if you want to. It will cost you something, if you go through with it. Not in money, but in various kinds of sacrifice. Did you know that?"

"I did," said Lisle: "I saw one of the Professors thrown out of Steele U last week because he was a Catholic."

"And you would be ready for the same treatment?"

"I think I would."

"You'll do," said Helen. "And from this day forward, I have a hunch you are going to be a changed man."

They were still parked in the right hand traffic lane. Cars whisked by them at the left, but they were oblivious. Suddenly a car pulled up

behind them and was forced to wait till the other lane was clear of advancing traffic before attempting to pass. The driver honked at them furiously. They paid no heed.

An opening came and the second car drew up until it was parallel with them. The driver paused and began to speak.

"What's the big id—" He stopped. His mouth shut on the half-formed word when he saw Helen and Lisle. It was Eddie O'Brien. Pauline was with him, with her arms around Jack who sat between them.

Ed caught Helen's eye and held it for the fraction of a second. Pauline looked surprised but coldly at them. Then with conscious unrecognition Ed turned his eyes back to the road, ground into gear and shot off down the road. The scream of the car still in high at forty miles an hour flung itself back at Helen and Lisle before they had time to move.

Helen smiled grimly.

"Now look what we've gone and done!" she said meekly.

(*To be continued*)

GHANDI'S PRAYER

A favorite prayer of India's ascetic and leader in the struggle for independence, Mahatma Ghandi, is the following. It might be recommended without reserve to the Christian:

"Lord, keep me from looking at things that will give me evil thoughts; else it were better that I be blind.

"Lord, keep me from soiling my lips with unclean words; else it were better that I be mute.

"Lord, keep me from listening to a word of defamation or hatred; else it were better that I be deaf.

"Lord, keep me from gazing with unclean desire at those who should be my sisters; else it were better that I be dead."

We ought to deal kindly with all, to manifest those qualities which spring naturally from a heart tender and full of Christian charity, such as affability, charity and humility. These virtues serve wonderfully to gain the hearts of men, and to encourage them to embrace things that are repugnant to nature.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

For and Against

Comments on Social Problems

The *Chicago Tribune*, self-styled the World's Greatest Newspaper, in a recent front page editorial comments on the trend towards state

This department, edited by B. A. Connelly, C.Ss.R., will comment each month hereafter on trends and needs of the times in the field of social science.

domination which it professes to find revealed in the present governmental handling of the economic and industrial problem.

The rather gratuitous assertion is indulged in that: "Today the

United States government, through one of its agencies or another, *dominates* transportation, banking and agriculture, and is reaching out for *dominance* over manufacturing and commerce . . . The governments, national, state and local, are taking a fourth of the income of the American people today, and nearly half of this huge total goes to Washington." (*Italics are ours.*)

It is seriously contended by many students of political economy that if there is domination, one way or another, as between government and business, government is the victim rather than the tyrant; or rather as Pius XI has diagnosed the case, both government and business have been made the victims of a "type of social rulership which, in violation of all justice, has been seized and usurped by the owners of wealth."

But to carry on with the World's Greatest Newspaper,—taxes are what is wrong with the world, taxes on the profits of wealth. The taxing of profits is the social and economic, if not the moral, sin of our great republic. Profits and the hope of profits built Chicago; lured Columbus to our unknown shores; won our independence; cleared our wildernesses; built our railroads; opened our mines; established our laboratories.

Truly it is a beautiful picture, skillfully portraying in a half-truth a great lie. Uncontrolled profit taking has made possible the following serious charges of our Sovereign Pontiffs against the owners of wealth, the profiteers:

"A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."—(Leo XIII.)

"It is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by."—(Leo XIII.)

The Chicago
Tribune
and "profit"

"To exercise pressure for the sake of gain upon the indigent and destitute, and to make one's profit out of the need of another, is condemned by all laws, human and divine."—(Leo XIII.)

"Capital, however, was long able to appropriate to itself excessive advantages; it claimed all the products and profits and left to the laborer the barest minimum necessary to repair his strength, and to insure the continuation of his class. For by an inexorable economic law, it was held, all accumulation of riches must fall to the share of the wealthy, while the working man must remain perpetually in indigence or reduced to the minimum needed for existence."—(Pius XI.)

If the pen that serves the *Tribune* were to sketch this half of the picture as skillfully as it has the other half, what a ghastly thing it would be! Taxes may not be the cure of our ills; but certainly the *Tribune* is not the Doctor to be called.

* * *

We copy from the Southern Messenger a resolution adopted by the Texas State Legislature:

"Whereas, the Legislature of the State of Texas has been called in extraordinary session by the Governor for consideration of actions necessary to the conservation of the resources of the State of Texas; and

Whereas, the most important of all concerns, even above material values, is the life of the people itself; and

Whereas, the unprecedented wave of crime sweeping over America, crowding our jails and penitentiaries and increasing the prison population of our State of Texas to more than five thousand prisoners, 50 per cent of them under 25 years of age, which is an alarming degree of delinquency, and the increase of divorces in our state to one-tenth of the total national number of divorces, which, together, are signs of the disintegration of family life; and

Texas Solons
Diagnose

Whereas, in the opinion of sociologists, this alarming condition is due to the emphasis which in recent years has been placed upon material values and the small concern paid to spiritual values in home, school and society; and

Whereas, it uniformly is conceded that the remedy for prevailing conditions must be effected through the inculcation of morality, spirituality and conscience in the young by parents, pastors and teachers; and

Whereas, statesmanship must concern itself for the perpetuation of

the state by building a future citizenship in the strength of morality;

Therefore, be it resolved by the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring, that the people of the State of Texas be enjoined to address themselves to renewed effort to rebuild the idea and ideals of the family, to overcome the tendency of the present juvenile delinquency so prevalent and militating against the future security of the state, restoring the balance between the spiritual and the material by the precept and example of parents, that their children may be reared in inculcation of the principles of fundamental righteousness;

That parents be adjured to exert every effort to restore the old-time influence of the home for the development of conscience and morality, that family worship be restored, and that in self-sacrificing love the little ones be trained in the virtues of truthfulness, honesty and respect for the rights of others;

That the churches and Sabbath schools be urged and constrained to intensify their spiritual efforts to extend it to every child within their respective spheres of influence and responsibility;

That the schools promptly reform their methods so that the rudimentary studies, as well as the sciences, be taught only as subordinate to righteousness, that the emphasis be placed upon morality, good conscience, respect for parents, reverence for age and experience, and the subordination to authority, and that all learning is but the handmaiden of eternal goodness;

That it is the judgment of the Legislature of the State of Texas that only upon the lines herein suggested for the reëntrenching of the ideals of family life can the true balances be restored, social confusion be corrected, the appalling crime wave checked, and the future of the state be assured by the conservation of the citizenship represented in our present youth, and civilization itself be preserved."

This pious lecture might be taken seriously if it prefaced a real move to restore by legislative action those sacred rights of the Family, Church and School of which they have been deprived by legislative decree.

Juvenile delinquency and the criminality of youth are the legitimate results of the substitution of the policeman, the truant officer and the juvenile court for the affection and authority of the parent.

Homes are broken by divorce because legislators write into the

statute books of the land a general invitation to default in the matter of the supremely difficult marital relation.

Material values have supplanted spiritual because legislators find themselves bound by no public recognition of religion and morality, prevent the public schools from adequately performing the duty of moral and religious training of the young, and penalizing by double taxation the parents and churches who seriously undertake to perform this duty by founding and maintaining their own schools.

**Failure
of the State**

We have here another illustration of the words of Our Holy Father, Pius XI, that, "When we speak of the reform of the social order, it is principally the state we have in mind."

THE NEED OF PENANCE

"Many times in my discourses to various assemblies," said Pope Pius IX in the year 1877, "have I repeated that the violation of fast and abstinence is one of the causes for which we are being scourged. People are always armed with an authorization from their physician when they are dispensed, one on account of his head, another on account of his chest, and so on. We will not do penance — but God makes us do it by chastising us."

These words seem remarkably fitted to the circumstances of our own times. The meaning of the word "fasting" to many is unknown, until it is forced upon them with none of their choosing. Pope Leo XIII had spoken in a similar strain on the occasion of the great jubilee of 1866:

"Do not be surprised," he said, "if we return so often to this subject of the mortification of the senses and the body. We are obliged frequently to speak of the voluntary chastisement which we ought to impose upon our body because almost all Christians in our day have practically abandoned these penitential exercises, even those which are expressly commanded by the church. Many no longer know what fasting means . . . This laxity and habitual softness are the cause why so many men, although they keep the faith, give themselves up more and more to their passions. Enervated by habits of self-indulgence, it is not astonishing if they become more and more the slaves of the most engrossing passions."

Catholic Anecdotes

OFT REPEATED PRAYERS

Father Achille Desurmont was one day travelling through France, passing the time by quietly saying the Rosary. A man sitting opposite him in the car, watched him for a while, and then finally addressed him:

"Monsieur, that is called saying the Rosary, is it not?"

"Yes," replied the priest: "we say the Our Father on the large beads, and the Hail Mary on the smaller ones."

"Yes, I remember," rejoined the traveller, "When I was a child my mother had me recite the Rosary with her. But I tell you, Monsieur, it is unreasonable for a man to repeat over and over the same prayer. I cannot bear it."

Father Desurmont smiled.

"Suppose," he said, "a man fell by accident into the Garonne River, and before drowning he would rise to the surface several times and each time cry out: 'Help! Help!' Would you say to him: 'Be still! It is unreasonable always to repeat the same word?'"

"Oh no; in his place I suppose I should do the same thing."

"Yes," answered the priest. "And as long as I am on earth I am in danger of falling into the river of fire called 'Hell.' So I keep repeating: Help! Help!—and I shall do so till the end of my life—because to the very end I shall be in danger."

PRESENCE OF GOD

In Bertrand's Life of St. Teresa of Avila, we read this little incident, which occurred when Teresa was about twelve years old:

One night Teresa and her sister Maria were coming back from Matins through the small and dark streets of Avila, when suddenly in the darkness Teresa cried out:

"Oh! my sister, if you only knew what a wonderful knight is escorting us, you would be pleased."

"Who is it?" the sister asked.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, carrying His cross!"

She was already conscious of the One Whom she was to love so much. . . . She thought always of Him.

"NEVER ALONE"

In the fall of 1914, Herbert de Mareau, Jr., French artist sketching on Flanders Field, saw a Blue Devil French Infantryman shot down near the marshes of the Zuyder Zee in Belgium.

A battle was raging to the right of this spot and the smoke of the conflict was blowing across the scene southwestward into Holland. It was just at sunset—the red ball of the sun, sinking as it appeared in the smoke, resembled a great ruby surrounded by a mass of pearls, that borrowed some of the pink glow reflected upon it.

This lone soldier of the Legion was a scout sent out to locate the enemy and was shot down by a German sniper who thus located the French and Belgium troops, while the German forces remained hidden. De Mareau was so staggered by the scene that immediately upon his return to Paris he sketched his 8 x 9 foot canvas and studiously proceeded to reproduce the scene: Dying soldier, the sunset, the terrain, just as he saw it in reality.

But the artist, whose life had been one consecrated to the work of uplifting humanity, conceived the idea of giving an element of comfort to the world, created out of the horrors of war.

In the flying smoke of battle, he painted the figure of the Crucified One, and then gave this title to his picture: "Never Alone." The dying soldier is all alone, no other human being near to give comfort nor to carry the last message to his loved ones somewhere in France, waiting to hear news from those who struggled at the front. He is all alone and yet not alone, for before him stands, almost as a spirit, He who said: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!" Beyond darkness, beyond partings, beyond tears and pain and material death, one can see the promise of immortality.

One feels that had de Mareau not lived for eternity, he could not have painted this picture: "Never Alone"!

Among wild animals the slanderer is most dangerous; among tame, the flatterer.—*The True Voice*.

Pointed Paragraphs

RELIEF FOR DEPRESSION

The necessary consequence of the economic depression is an increase of idleness among individuals. Thrown out of work, or working only three or four days a week, many people have little or nothing to do save sit around and worry.

It is difficult in straitened circumstances to do otherwise than worry. But there are some occupations that make the idle moments profitable, and at the same time mitigate the strain of worry.

One of these occupations is reading. Especially the reading of such things as lift the mind above its troubles because they are based upon a philosophy that has genuine comfort for the sorest trials the heart of man can know.

It is the aim of the writers in *THE LIGUORIAN* to make it fulfill this need of so many people. The depression need not be all bitterness and gall. Indeed, in God's great designs it seems destined to lift men above the quest of material things they sought so over-earnestly before. But to be lifted up, they need to learn many things; they need to see things in a new light; to be filled and thrilled with stories and thoughts and images for which they had little room in their lives before. Good reading brings all these things, and transforms many an idle and weary hour into pleasant profitable leisure.

"You have lots of time to read during the depression." "*THE LIGUORIAN*" will bring you instructions, articles, stories, anecdotes, etc., that perchance will open a new world before you. Under its influence may your cares, like Longfellow's, "fold up their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away."

LOOKING AHEAD FOR THE CHILD

Though graduation and commencement exercises for one school year are just over, it is not too soon to think about the return of sons and daughters to school this coming fall. For those especially who have finished grade school or high school, thought must be taken as to where they will continue their studies.

One of the inevitable excuses for not sending a child to a Catholic high school or college will be more common than ever this fall, we venture to prophesy. Many will say they cannot afford the extra expense entailed. The cause of the balanced budget will demand a curtailing of outlay on the education of the child.

With full cognizance of the plight of thousands of Catholics, we offer a thought to those who still possess some realization of the dangers of non-sectarian education and the primary duty that is theirs of safeguarding the faith of their children. Is it not possible to arrange a vacation budget that will save the slight difference between the cost of a Catholic and "unCatholic" education for the child?

Some perhaps have planned quite an elaborate vacation. A trip to a distant summer resort. Renting a cottage at not too low a price. Buying a new automobile for touring. At the same time they are planning to save the extra expense of sending their child to a Catholic high school or college. A balanced budget may be the result, but the scales have been weighted against the child.

Vacations need not be expensive. It is a truism that the poor often enjoy their simply, inexpensively purchased pleasures far more than many a person who can have what he pleases. And when the sacrifice of something costly is made for the sake of the soul of a child, a simpler vacation will be all the more enjoyable.

Above all it will be a worth-while lesson for the boy or girl, the young man or young woman, if they are taught (not simply forced—but taught) to make sacrifices for the kind of education every Catholic has a right to receive.

"THE CHARITY OF CHRIST"

The quality of the faith and loyalty of Catholics in America was well attested during the month of June. The Holy Father, in his eloquent Encyclical, "Urged by the Charity of Christ," had appealed to all Christians to unite in an Octave of prayer, penance and almsgiving in behalf of the present sufferings of humanity.

Reports from various parts of the country told of crowds thronging to Holy Mass each morning of the Octave; of thousands approaching the Holy Table; of large numbers gathering about the Blessed Sacrament exposed each evening to raise their voices in mighty unison that the Lord might grant mercy and seasonable aid. The number of indi-

vidual sacrifices and prayers offered by Catholics during the eight days must be known only to God Himself.

It was a remarkable testimony of faith and dependence on God. In the words of the Holy Father in his Encyclical:

"Such prayer bears already in itself a part of its answer; for in the very act of prayer a man unites himself with God, and, so to speak, keeps alive on earth the idea of God. The man who prays merely by his humble posture professes before the world his faith in the Creator and Lord of all things; joined with others in prayer he recognizes that not only the individual but human society as a whole has over it a supreme and absolute Lord."

In looking for relief from the evils that afflict the world, it is well to remember that it is only through such recognition of God and dependence on Him as supreme Lord that it can come. Society as a whole must be turned to God once more; must be found on its knees before Him; must recognize that He has a government in the affairs of men. Society had failed in just these things; distress was the result.

Therefore prayer must not end with the Octave—or be confined to eight days of appeal. It must go on and on—growing stronger each day—enlisting new voices each day—till society as a whole will be turned to God once more.

"Turn to Me," said God, "and I will turn to you."

ECHOES OF THE ENCYCLICAL

The secular and non-Catholic world in many places paid striking tribute to the appeal of the Holy Father that brought Catholics to their knees during the Octave of the Sacred Heart.

Senator Long of Louisiana read a paragraph from the Encyclical on the floor of the Senate, and then received unanimous consent to have the entire document printed in the *Congressional Record*.

The New York Times, perhaps the outstanding American daily, speaks of the Encyclical as follows:

"Whether or not of the faith that prompted and pervades the Pope's Encyclical, one is moved by its concern for all mankind. It is as universal in its appeal as is distress. It is filled with the compassion of Him Who, seeing the hungry multitude in a desert place, asked: 'Whence are we to buy bread that these may eat?' " Other daily papers spoke in a similar strain.

Many Protestant ministers made the Papal appeal the subject matter of sermons. The Reverend John Walter Houck, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church of New York, urged gratitude to the Holy Father for his leadership. "We need to be thankful," he said, "as Protestants for a leader of courage in another faith. We need to consider the voice from the Vatican as a true voice of common sense, as even more, the voice of a fearless prophet of God."

The Reverend Edward Bleakney, pastor of the Mt. Lebanon Baptist Church in Pennsylvania, took as his sermon subject on the Sunday after the issuing of the Encyclical: "Let the Protestants Pray with the Catholics as the Pope Suggests." In the course of his sermon he said: "I am heartily in favor of the request made by the Pope that all Catholics pray for surcease from our economic troubles. He is a man of broad intellect, and has shown that he is aligned with the group which believes that the Church should join in an attempt to rid the world of selfishness and lust for gold."

MARRIAGE, CHILDREN AND DIVORCE

That "children preserve the home" can hardly be doubted when one reads the evidence gathered and presented by Dr. Alfred Cahen in his recent book: "Statistical Analysis of American Divorce."

"Only eight per cent," he says, "of American married couples having children end in the divorce courts, while 71 per cent of the childless marriages terminate in divorce. Likewise, the shortening duration of these marriages where the home is eventually broken is a distinct trend that has paralleled the increasing divorce rate. The fourth year of married life is now (with birth control the rage) the most common for divorce, as compared with the seventh year at an earlier period."

According to Dr. Cahen, one in every six marriages in the United States ends in divorce, and about 500,000 men, women and children are directly affected by this home-wrecking institution each year. In the face of these facts it is strange that there are still champions of easier divorce and fewer children.

No man can safely live at random; the ship that sails at random will be wrecked in a calm, and a man who lives at random will be ruined without the help of any positive vice.—*Professor Blackie.*

Catholic Events

On Wednesday, June 29th, eleven Redemptorist students were raised to the priesthood by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Samuel Alphonsus Stritch, in the Seminary Chapel at Oconomowoc.

The following were ordained: The Rev. Edward Bermingham, of Fresno, California; the Rev. Arthur Klyber, of New York City; the Rev. Frederic Mann, of Chicago, Illinois; the Rev. Clement Wartman, of Monterey, Minnesota; the Rev. George Strass, of Chicago, Illinois; the Rev. Franklin Karp, of West Chicago, Illinois; the Rev. Vincent McCartan, of Belfast, Ireland; the Rev. Stephen Livernois, of Detroit, Michigan; the Rev. Gerard Liebst, of Kansas City, Missouri; the Rev. Leo Hagemann, of Chicago, Illinois; and the Rev. W. Mark McNerney, of Detroit, Michigan.

On Sunday, July 3rd, the following will celebrate their First Solemn Mass: Father Klyber, at Holy Redeemer Church, New York; Father Mann, at St. Gregory's, Chicago; Father Wartman, at St. Luke's, Sherburn, Minnesota; Father Strass, at St. Alphonsus, Chicago; Father Karp, at St. Mary's, West Chicago; Father Livernois, at Holy Redeemer, Detroit; Father Liebst, at Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Kansas City, Missouri.

On Sunday, July 10th, the First Solemn Mass of the following will be celebrated: Father Bermingham, at the Cathedral, Fresno, California; Father Hagemann, at St. Alphonsus', Chicago; Father McNerney, at Holy Redeemer, Detroit.

On July 2nd, Father McCartan will celebrate his First Solemn Mass in the Seminary Chapel at Oconomowoc.

* * *

On June 2nd Catholic worship was again suspended in Mexico—this time throughout the State of Mexico proper. A law had been passed limiting the number of priests permitted to exercise their ministry in the State of Mexico to 34. The new order came before the Most Reverend Pascual Diaz, Primate of Mexico, had time to organize service in the Churches and to designate priests for those allowed to remain open.

The order of suspension was to the effect that no service could be held in the State until the Archbishop had made the nominations of priests to serve. The pastors of the various Churches, acting on orders from Mexico City, said that the suspension would be complied with. In Toluca, the capital, many women wore mourning because of the Governor's action.

* * *

A new divorce law, similar to that which is observed in Russia, is incorporated into the proposed Civil Code of Mexico, which is a gen-

eral revision of Mexican laws being made by the Secretary of the Gubernacion. By the proposed new law the judge of the civil registry will be empowered to decree the dissolution of a marriage performed within the jurisdiction upon the mere wish of the two persons concerned. According to present laws, divorce cases must be heard in an ordinary court and before a civil judge.

* * *

In Spain, the "Fathers of Families," an organization fast spreading throughout the country to combat encroachment upon religious freedom, are devoting their efforts toward establishing a parochial school system similar to that which exists in the United States. The Minister of Public Instruction has prohibited all religious teaching in places controlled by the State. At a meeting of 5,000 Catholic leaders in Madrid a campaign was launched that is to work incessantly for freedom of instruction and proportionate distribution of State funds for private schools.

* * *

Despite the fact that Spain is a Catholic country, where the law of the Church regarding marriage has been the civil law for centuries, the Minister of State has proposed a law for the introduction of civil marriage. He would suppress the impediments of consanguinity and affinity, as well as all impediments dictated by the laws of the Church. Judges would have the privilege of holding the ceremony and deciding all questions relating to validity or nullity.

The "Fathers of Families" have sent to the Cortes a long memorandum of protest containing arguments and petitions from Catholics throughout the country, and setting forth the menace of demoralization and degradation of the family that such a marriage law would inevitably produce.

* * *

On August 14th a memorial statue of Cardinal Gibbons, a gift of the Knights of Columbus to the people of the United States, will be unveiled in Washington. The ceremony will be the chief feature of the Golden Anniversary convention of the Knights of Columbus, which is to be held in the National Capitol.

The statue is the work of Leo Lentelli, and was selected from a group of five models submitted by leading sculptors. It will be located in front of the Sacred Heart Church, one of Washington's foremost edifices.

* * *

Just to remind us that our Catholic Schools are in every way up to the standard, we give the list of competitions in which they have taken part with other schools.

In Springfield, Ohio, a Catholic school swept away practically all honors in the State scholarship examinations, when Catholic Central High School students took thirteen of the fifteen first places in the competition. Nine hundred and fifty pupils from twenty-two schools in thirteen counties took part in the contest.

A Catholic Central High School student, of the same school, Miss Virginia Lott, won first prize in the State oratorical contest, and another

senior of the same school took third place. Both competed against forty-five students from various schools.

In Philadelphia, Pa., numerous prizes were won by Catholic pupils and parochial organizations in a Boy Week held recently there. First, second, third and fourth prizes in the spelling bee for pupils of the 7th and 8th grades were won by Catholic school boys. The first prize for the best brass band was awarded to St. John Cantius School, while second and third prizes in that contest also went to Catholic schools.

First and second State prizes in a nationwide essay contest sponsored by a drug concern were awarded pupils of St. Colman's School, Turtle Creek, Pa.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., William H. Roche, a graduate of St. Gregory's School of that city, was adjudged the winner in the regional public speaking contest for the New York and New England area being sponsored by the American Institute of Banking.

In Pittsburgh, Pa., first and second places in an essay contest went to contestants from Catholic schools.

In California, the U. S. George Washington Bi-Centennial Commission reports that 564,500 high school students in the state competed in the George Washington Essay contest just concluded. Three students in schools conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, in three different cities, won first, second and third honors in the contest: Miss Rose Gianella, of Holy Names Central High School, Oakland, won first place; Miss Alice Macrae, of the Holy Names Academy of Pomona won second place; and Miss Mathilda Cummings of St. Andrew's High School, Pasadena, won third place.

* * *

In the Republic of the Volga Germans, one of the eleven federated States of Soviet Russia, with a population of 714,000, the Russian atheistic movement is meeting determined resistance. The Russian Government deported or imprisoned their priests, made special laws commanding work on Sundays so that the people might not be able to assemble for divine service, sent hirelings into the republic to make propaganda for atheism, deprived them of all their church buildings, circulated atheistic papers and films, but the passive resistance of the German farmers made the attack break down.

* * *

Petitions have been received at the Vatican from all parts of the world asking Pope Pius XI to proclaim 1933 a jubilee year to mark the 1900th anniversary of the death of the Saviour. Though the first year of each century is designated as the customary Holy Year, few have been actually celebrated in the history of the Church. Proclamation of 1933 as a Holy Year would be exceptional; yet it is believed the Holy Father may do so.

Look for and rejoice in the beauty of your neighbor's character.

Form small habits and make them laws.

Book Reviews

ESSAYS

A Cheerful Ascetic and Other Essays. By James J. Daly, S.J. Published by the Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. 147 pages. Price, \$1.75.

Amongst the uninitiated, there is a very commonly prevailing view to the effect that Christian asceticism is synonymous with melancholy and gloom. The very opposite is the truth; one of the tests of the genuineness of Christian spirituality may be said to be its accompanying spirit of cheerfulness and joy. As Chesterton so aptly phrases it, "joy, which was the small publicity of the pagan, is the gigantic secret of the Christian."

Father Daly offers us a volume, which has been wisely chosen for representation in the Science and Culture Series edited by Father Husslein, in which this unrealized truth is concretely evidenced in the lives of a number of Christians. Not only the first essay, which gives the title to the book, but the others as well demonstrate the close relationship between the true ascetic and cheerfulness. Here we have the Jesuit, Father Francis de Cordona, son of a Duke and one time Rector of the University of Salamanca, joyously conspiring to escape esteem and merit obloquy from those around him; Charles Waterton, eminent Catholic naturalist, climbing to the top of the cross of St. Peter's in Rome and leaving his glove like a flag on the tip of the lightning rod; Blessed Thomas More jesting with his executioners; Joyce Kilmer rejoicing that he lives two miles from a Catholic Church because it makes him exert himself for his religion.

The essays on Yeats and Emerson demonstrate Father Daly's thesis by opposites. The dourness and futility of the former and the narrow, self-righteous solemnity of the latter could have been dissipated only by the grand humor engendered by true Christian asceticism.

It is needless to remark on Father Daly's literary style. One must read and be charmed. The mellowness of mature judgment and the possession of genuine scholarship are reflected in the music of the lines and the felicitous choice of words.—D. F. M.

FICTION

Shepherds On the Move. By Rev. Joseph A. Young. Published by Benzinger Brothers, New York. 206 pages. Price, \$2.00.

Another novel by the genial author of "Old St. Mary's New Assistant" which has been called the American "My New Curate." Those who have read "Old St. Mary's New Assistant" will find the same charm in this new book and will be glad to renew the acquaintance with Father Martin and the other characters of old St. Mary's and the neighboring parishes.—E. A. M.

Ned Haskins. By William M. Lamers. Published by Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Cloth. Frontispiece and illustrated jacket. Net, \$1.25.

The scene of this boys' story is laid in Milwaukee and its "Land O' Lakes" vicinity. The Catholicity of the boys in the story is made a live, manly reality; there is plenty of action and adventure—at times almost too heroic, but no doubt just what will appeal to boy readers.—R. J. M.

TRAVEL

Lourdes in the High Pyrenees. By Mary Cecilia Young. Published by the Buechler Publishing Co., 332 W. Main St., Belleville, Ill. 89 pages. Price, single copies, 50 cents; in lots of ten or more, 35 cents a copy.

Up to this time a succinct yet complete guide-book to Lourdes has been wanting. Many volumes have been written about it—both by believers and others; one was needed in which the pilgrim might find the background and history and topography of Lourdes definitely outlined without the need of long and searching study.

Such a volume is offered here. It is short; only 89 pages, it may be read in an evening en route from Lourdes. It is scholarly in the sense that it uses most of the well known authorities on the subject; it is appropriate, outlining just those things about Lourdes that a traveler would wish to know and understand. Above all it is picturesque—so much so that it may be offered to arm-chair pilgrims as a substitute for the visit they cannot personally make.

Though written from the viewpoint of faith, the work does not evade a rational estimate of evidences for the supernatural.

—D. F. M.

A Summer in Ireland. By Michael H. Pathe, C.Ss.R. Published by the Cantwell Press, Madison, Wisconsin. 65 pages. Price, 75c.

Intimate, personal recollections of a visit to Ireland are the subject matter of this attractively bound little volume by a well-known American missionary. The green fields of Erin, the warm hearts of her people, the sterling faith of their every-day lives,—all receive tribute from one who knows them well. The style is poetic, sometimes oratorical. The booklet will strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of Ireland's scattered children, as well as interest and understanding in others.—D. F. M.

LITURGY

If I Be Lifted Up. By Paul Bussard. (Popular Liturgical Library, Series I, No. 4.) Second Edition. 1931. Published by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. 38 pages.

The Liturgical Press is striving to make the Mass better known and appreciated, for the purpose of incorporating the laity more intimately into the ritual life and spirit of the Church. The present pamphlet is an essay in ten brief chapters on the meaning and action of the Mass in terms of Prayer, Sacrifice and Communion. Every Catholic who is serious about his Faith and Practice would do well to keep in touch with the publications of the Liturgical Press.—B. A. C.

Small Catechism of the Mass. By Paul Bussard (Popular Liturgical Library, Series III, No. 4.) Third Edition. 1932. Published by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. 24 pages. Single copies, 10 cents.

This is a catechetical review of the matter presented in *If I Be Lifted Up*.—B. A. C.

Why the Mass? By Louis Trauffer, O.S.B., and Virgil Michel, O.S.B. (Popular Liturgical Library, Series IV, No. 1.) Second Edition. 1932. Published by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. 30 pages. Single copies, 10 cents.

This pamphlet is a reprint of the pamphlets *Why Do Catholics Attend Mass? I and II*. The reason is given in three chapters. They are not new reasons; but are put up in interesting and instructive form, valuable alike for Non-

Catholics, who do not know the Mass, and for Catholics who have become "rusty" on their catechism.—B. A. C.

Divine Worship. An Essay on the Nature of the Catholic Liturgy. By the Rev. Dr. Johannes Pinski. Translation by the Rev. Wm. Busch. Published by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minnesota. 30 pages. Price, 10 cents.

Dr. Pinski is Students' Chaplain in the University of Berlin and Editor of the *Liturgische Zeitschrift*. In this pamphlet he analyzes the nature and importance of the Liturgical movement, and offers to students of the movement as well as to all thinking Catholics a penetrating study of the essential place of Liturgy in religion and life. Study circles will find in each of the six chapters worthwhile topics for further discussion and study.

ASCETICISM

Why Must I Suffer? A Book of Light and Consolation. By the Rev. F. J. Remler, C.M. Published by the Franciscan Herald Press, 1434 W. 51st St., Chicago, Ill. 90 pages. Price, 30 cents.

The title of this booklet echoes an almost universal human complaint. Father Remler, already well known for other ascetical treatises, lists fifteen answers to the question that truly flood it with light and consolation. Some of the answers overlap, it is true, but each offers a range of considerations that will appeal to some portion of suffering humanity. There are answers for all who suffer whether, according to human judgment, they seem deserving or undeserving of their lot. Especially are the natural causes of suffering made clear; but always the possibility of supernaturalization is pointed out.

The booklet is especially appropriate for the times. Priests will find the materials gathered in it useful in the care of souls. It is highly recommended to pamphlet distributors and rack-tenders.—D. F. M.

Meditations on the Seven Dolors of Our Blessed Lady with an appendix of prayers and devotions in honor of the Sorrowful Mother. By a Sister of Notre Dame. Published by Fred. Pustet Co., New York and Cincinnati. 74 pages. Price, 90 cents.

These meditations were written primarily for the devotion of the seven Saturdays, traditional with the Sisters of Notre Dame, preceding the feast of the Seven Dolors on the Friday of Passion week

in Lent. They may be offered not only to religious for whom they were written, but to the laity as well. Patience and comfort during these difficult times will be born out of contemplation of the sorrows of Mary. The prayers and devotions following the meditations are well chosen.—D. F. M.

SCRIPTURE

Bible History. A Textbook of the Old and New Testaments for Grades Five and Six of Catholic Schools. By The Rev. George Johnson, Ph.D., the Rev. Jerome D. Hannan, D.D. and Sister M. Dominica, O.S.U., M.A. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. 545 pages. Price; List price, \$1.16, to schools, \$0.87.

To condense the story of the Bible into a book of 545 pages is a remarkable work. To include enough profane historical, geographical and archaeological data to throw needed light on the Bible story is perhaps a more remarkable work. And to adapt all this to the intellectual grasp of the children of the fifth and sixth grades is surely a most remarkable work.

The authors of this Bible History have creditably performed all three of these tasks and the book should be a welcome addition to the books used by our Catholic school teachers. Not only this but parents would do well to provide a copy of this book for the family for though it has been written especially for the children it will interest and instruct young and old alike.

The maps and pictures and the Index and pronouncing Vocabulary are some of the excellent features of this fine book.

—E. A. M.

PAMPHLETS

The Ruling Passion. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 32 pages. Price, 10 cents.

Each boy and girl, man and woman must make the decision as to whether a ruling passion will rule them—or they will rule their ruling passion. So demonstrates Father Lord in practical applications drawn from the stories of the rich young man of the Gospel and another rich young man of modern times.

Peanut, the Big Little Man. By Gerald Kelly, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 18 pages. Price, 5 cents.

A story for boys, in which "Peanut," acutely conscious of the smallness and weakness of body after which he has been nicknamed, learns the secret of being "big" in a sense that is more worth while than any bodily prowess—"big" in character and soul.

The Catholic Medical Mission Manual. Published by the Catholic Medical Mission Board, 8 and 10 W. 17th St., New York. 28 pages. Price, 25 cents.

"What can I do for the missions?" is a question not infrequently asked. Many women who have a little time to spare now and then will find an answer in this Manual. It is a guide-book showing them how to prepare the medical supplies needful on the missions for the care of the neglected bodies of those with whom the missionaries come into contact. Instructions, diagrams, patterns are given to the seamstress. The book may also inspire the formation of new medical mission clubs among women; it gives directions for the same and definite work in which they can engage.—D. F. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Happiness by Martin J. Scott, S. J. (Kenedy).

The Mirror of the Blessed Virgin by St. Bonaventure (Herder).

The Irish Way. Edited by F. J. Sheed (Kenedy).

The Maid of Lisieux and Other Papers by Albert Power, S.J. (Pustet).

Whence the Black Irish of Jamaica? by J. J. Williams, S.J. (Dial).

For Days and Seasons by M. A. Chapman (Herder).

Favorite Newman Sermons. Edited by Daniel O'Connell, S.J. (Bruce).

Cherie in Oldville by May McLaughlin (Benziger).

My Convent Life by Sister Mary Maude, O.S.D. (Benziger).

Holy Mass by Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. (Benziger).

The Music Hour (6 Volumes) Published by Silver-Burdett Co.

Our Best Friend by Christian Pesch, S.J. (Bruce).

The Gospel Guide by Wm. A. Dowd, S.J. (Bruce).

Therese Neumann by F. R. von Lama (Bruce).

Further Chronicles of Therese Neumann by F. R. von Lama (Bruce).

Lucid Intervals

He: "Those are my wife's ashes in the jar on the mantel."

She: "Oh, then she has passed into the Great Beyond?"

He: "Great Beyond nothing! She's just too lazy to look for an ash-tray."

Sambo had found a job for the week on a railroad section gang, and was taking leave of his family when his wife came to the door and shouted:

"Come back heah, Sam. You hasn't cut a stick of wood fo' de stove—and you'll be gone a week!"

The Negro turned and looked very much aggrieved.

"Honey," he said in a tone of un-injured innocence, "what's de mattah? You all talks as though Ah was takin' de axe with me."

Rastus: "Ah wants a divorce. Dat woman jos' talk, talk, talk, night an' day. Ah cain't get no rest and dat talk am drivin' me crazy."

Young Lawyer: "What does she talk about?"

Rastus: "She doan' say."

Old Zeph Dorgan sat on a log near the bridge one Sunday morning, casting anxious glances at an uncertain sky. His willow fish pole and can of bait lay at his feet.

Before he had quite decided on the weather the minister came by having taken a short cut, owing to the fear of a sudden shower.

"Well Brother Zeph," he said, "Is yo' gwine to ch'ch or is yo' gwine fishin'?" "A dunno yit," said Zeph, "ah'm jest a-wrastlin' wit ma conscience."

A doctor was giving a dinner party. His favourite parrot was in the room concealed by some curtains.

In the course of the meal one of the guests, a lady, was exceedingly voluble, and talked for several moments without cessation.

When at last a silence fell, a sepulchral voice demanded from behind the curtain, "Let me see your tongue, please."

He was a loyal little fellow and he wouldn't let anything said against his parents go unchallenged. One Sunday afternoon a boy friend said, "Listen to your father snoring."

"Dad isn't snoring," was the indignant reply. "He's dreaming about a dog, and that's the dog growlin'."

Butcher: "Do you want this meat for a stew?"

Boocher: "No; I want it for my wife."

"Here's something queer," said the dentist, who had been drilling and drilling into a tooth. "You said that this tooth had never been filled, but I find flakes of gold on the point of my drill."

"I knew it!" moaned the patient, "I knew it! You've struck my back collar button."

"Are you sure these field glasses are high power?" asked the lady potential customer.

"Madame," replied the ambitious salesman, "when you use these glasses, anything less than ten miles away looks like it was behind you."

Binge: "And how do you think your head will feel in the morning?"

Stew: "If all the heads that ache in the morning are laid end to end, mine will stand up and sneer at them."

Do you call that a veal cutlet?" he demanded of the waiter. "Why, such a cutlet is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the country."

The waiter hung his head and said, in a tone of apology, "I didn't intend to insult you, sir."

Teacher was trying to illustrate different adverbs as applied to speed. Walking across the room very rapidly, she turned and asked: "Now, children, how would you say I walked them?"

All in chorus, they shouted: "Bow-legged!"

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